

A California Paradise.

A resident of the San Bernardino Valley, California, sends the following glowing account of that locality to the Philadelphia Press:

Tea sweetened with pure white, strained honey, thick cream and bread, milk, eggs, Hubbard squash, ham, pomegranate, black Hamburg grapes, Flammé de Tokay grapes, Muscat of Alexandria grapes, green figs, and peaches. Cost of breakfast, 15 cents for man and wife. O ye city thousands! who swelter in summer and live from hand to mouth, come and live like us. We have two acres of Chilean clover, which can feed three cows and two horses. I am laying in winter wood for kitchen and parlor and study stoves at a cost of \$7, and will keep the kitchen stove going for one year! Three acres in raisin grapes will yield an income of \$1,200, and will occupy but a few days of attendance. The cost of preparing ground, etc., for plants is about \$12 per acre. The cost of good land, with water, is \$100 per acre. Water is the most important and costly item. The garden produces during summer and winter. Clover matures in five months, sends its roots 20 feet down, yields eight crops per annum, is pastured during the winter, and outlives the age of a man. Fine grapevines yield well the third year from planting. Fig, almond, apricot, peach, plum, and nectarine trees bear fruit in the third year. Who need starve when such a paradise can be found as this beautiful valley in Southern California? The climate is almost as regular as a good chronometer. I can tell the morning hour of half-past 9 o'clock by the movement of the air. All the day long, until 6 p. m., a fanning ocean breeze blows from the southwest during the summer heat. After 6 p. m. a lighted candle does not flicker in the open air. At 9 p. m. a breeze from the northwestern mountains comes down, cool and soothing, so much so that sleeping is an actual pleasure. No one in this valley is ever sick, and no one ever dies. The cool and balmy morning air is laden with perfume from gardens and semi-tropical trees, whose every leaf delights the olfactory nerves, and makes us more contented with our lot than any city folk that tread Parisian tapestry. The danger here is, where life is so abundantly ministered unto by generous nature, that heaven is not last thought of. During the heat of summer I can ride but 15 miles and camp or board on one of our mountains, where hot water was poured down the pumps on July mornings in order to make the kettle boil. Think of that for Southern California last July, when you Philadelphia friends were rising from your breakfast tables exhausted with heat. I live in a valley so beautiful that to be known it must be seen. Mountains rise on almost every side, and are distant enough to be clothed in azure, and high enough to be glorious and grand. There are places in this valley which to pulmonary invalids should be named the "plains of salvation." There are conditions materially affecting invalids which vary within three miles or less. They arise from the character of soils and localities where water flows to the east or west. Winds blow during summer from the southwest, and if it passes over a dry land there can be found greater security from fevers or pulmonary diseases. Along our coast fogs prevail so much that oranges and lemons are encrusted with a saline fungus of a black color. It grows upon the fruit in solid patches. Where fogs prevail asthma, etc., prevail. I give another cautionary advice to invalids who come to our interior valleys; avoid a soil called "adobe," for it is continually decomposing. My place is not for sale; it can not be bought. I thank God every day that He graciously brought me from the unkind Eastern climate to this valley. Italy is good enough for a rain-battered Englishman, but give me this virgin land, this climate, where grape vines grow 32 feet in a season, and a neighbor gathers two tons of grapes from one vine annually; whose lime and orange-trees yield 2,000 times and 3,000 oranges each, where white, transparent honey can be bought for 8 cents per pound, and where a man is faulty if he does not have both milk and honey without cost; and where expensive barns are not needed, and horses and cattle are prospering in the open air, and where rain has its appointed time, and known to man.

Judge Pitman's Boy.

Judge Pitman's boy Bill, acquires learning in a log school-house. At one place the plaster between the logs is broken away, and through this aperture Bill endeavored to escape feet foremost during school hours one day last summer. Unfortunately he stuck fast when half way through, and he could neither return nor retreat. When the attention of Mr. Simes, the teacher, was directed to the culprit, Mr. Simes proceeded to the exterior of the edifice and embraced the opportunity afforded by William's position to hammer with a shingle. Then young Mr. Pitman was pulled out and plunged into sums in vulgar fractions. Near the school-house there is a mill-race, at the end of which there is a sluice-gate. Immediately below the gate there is a huge, deep tank, which carries water to an undershot wheel. The inside of the tank is made of rough, sawed lumber, and is so arranged that the water will fall in a series of six sets of water, trying in vain to climb up the slimy sides of the tank. When he saw young Pitman shrink at him for help. "No, sir, you've got to keep water till you promise never to lick me again." Then Simes solemnly pledged himself never to strike another blow at him, and Bill let the water from the tank and helped Simes out. That night, when Bill got

home, he found Simes there conversing with the Judge, and five minutes later the Judge was fondling William with a trunk strap, while Simes sat by and smiled. William has since expressed the opinion confidentially that Simes is a perditional scoundrel. —Philadelphia Bulletin.

Mr. Hogan's Cheerful Mule.

Mr. Hogan of Hogsburgville had the most cheerful mule that ever ground corn from a cob. He hasn't him now. The mule is dead. His disposition was mild and serene, his manners, for a mule, were perfect, his hind heels were held down to earth in a sturdy, good-natured way, and no amount of abuse could induce him to send them flying out in search of an enemy. He had no hair on his tail and no vices. The only mean thing he ever did was to eat up Hogan's new straw hat one day, but then he did it in such a cheerful way that Mr. Hogan forgave him at once, and has worn cloth caps ever since. Hogan is a very positive, stubborn man, but he loved his mule, and the mule loved Hogan as only a mule can love. It was a question among the neighbors which was the more affectionate of the two.

Mr. Hogan had a brand-new wagon built, and, following a New York style, he called it the Flyaway, and had the name painted on the dashboard. To add to the general effect, he had a large fly painted just under the name. Little did he think when he hitched his mule to this new wagon that he was striking his glossy sides for the last time, and that before night the cheerfulness of that gentle animal would vanish in death. It was a lovely morning in June, and Hogan's mule, harnessed for the first time before the new conveyance, trotted down the street, looking perhaps a trifle proud, but still perfectly contented, and certainly more cheerful than ever.

Mr. Hogan pulled up at the grocery store and alighted, and the cheerful mule was left alone. His look was mild and bland, happiness sat perched upon his waving ears, and peaceful serenity was in every twitch of his hairless tail. He grazed up the street, and he was calm; he turned his great confiding eye towards the store, and looked happy. In an evil moment this cheerful mule looked behind, and he was lost. He got his mild eye on the big painted fly on the dashboard, and he stood transfixed. A look of horror came into his face, his eyes opened wider and wider, and he trembled in every limb. He had switched the piratical blue-bottle from his sides, he had wrestled with the fly, and all detouring potato-bug, and he had knocked the life out of the savage grasshopper, but never in all his experience had he ever encountered a foe like the monster he saw behind him.

His cheerfulness vanished in a moment. He gripped his teeth hard and gathered himself together, as it were, and then suddenly he shot out, and for the first time in his life, his hind legs at an angle. He put a great deal of vigor into this first effort, and after he had finished he smoothed his wrinkled front, his cheerfulness returned, and with something very like a smile on his countenance he looked back to gaze upon the mangled remains of his foe. He was disappointed, he was the most disappointed mule that ever drew the breath of life. The fly was there, looking bigger and uglier than ever. Mr. Hogan's cheerful mule gazed at it one moment in a dazed, staggered sort of way, and then looked as if he had made up his mind never to be happy again. Once more he gripped his teeth hard, and then he kicked at the fly for ten minutes right straight ahead, and when he looked back, there the insect sat looking quite peaceful and contented. Then Hogan's mule lost faith in himself. He danced a sort of wild war dance for five minutes straight ahead, then he let out a series of terrible kicks, glanced quickly behind to notice the effect, and, seeing that awful fly still there, bolted up the street like mad.

Alas! the equable mind of Hogan's mule was gone forever. In his mad career he jammed the flyway into trees and fences and gate posts and stumps, until all that he carried behind him was a dismal skeleton of shafts and dashboard. It was right on the railroad track that he finally got rid of these, and then he halted in his wild flight and turned about, and the first thing his flashing eye lit on was the fly on the dashboard. He was, just then, the maddest mule in the United States.

Hark! Puff! puff! puff! A whistle blows its shrill, hoarse shriek of warning, a bell rings! 'Tis the express train approaching.

Hogan's mule heeded it not. He danced around that dashboard, and he kicked at that fly. He kicked at it sideways and backward; he kicked at it with one foot, then with two feet, and then with all his feet together.

A shrill whistle, a sudden dash around the curve, one last despairing kick, and Hogan's cheerful mule went fifteen feet straight up into the air, and came down in twenty-five different places.

All that Mr. Hogan ever found of the wreck was the dashboard with the fly on it. —New York Sun.

The Trial of Dr. Slade.

The hearing of the case of Dr. Slade, the Spiritualist, was continued in the Bow Street Police Court yesterday. There was a large attendance of spectators, many of them being "mediums," and the court room was crowded. The examination of some of the witnesses caused great laughter. One of the witnesses, for the prosecution, Conjuror Maskelyne, performed Slade's operations, and stated that the table used by Slade was convenient for the business. He demonstrated to the Court how Slade's writing was accomplished. His performance of the trick caused uproarious laughter among the audience, especially when he produced the writing and announced that the spirits were present. Slade was very anxious to look at the slate upon which the conjuror had written, whereupon Maskelyne said, "Oh, you know well about it, surely, sir!" The case was then adjourned. —London Telegram.

—Buffalo Bill, the Indian scout, has decided to go upon the stage again.

SEASONABLE RECIPES.

Corn Bread.—1 pint of sour milk, 1 pint of Indian meal, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 1 tablespoonful of butter or lard, 2 tablespoonfuls of molasses, 1 teaspoonful of saleratus; bake 1 hour.

Squash Fritters.—Take 8 medium-sized squashes; pare out and boil tender; mash and drain thoroughly; season with pepper and salt; add 1 cupful of milk (cream is better), the yolks of 2 eggs, and sufficient sifted flour to make a very stiff batter, or they will be hard to turn; lastly, stir in the beaten whites of the eggs. Have your fat hot and fry brown. Prepared in this way, you have a dish that could not fail to satisfy the palate of any one.

Stuffed Egg-plants.—Cut 2 egg-plants in two lengthwise; slash the inner surfaces with the point of a knife, making a shallow incision; fry till they are soft, and drain on a cloth. Prepare in a saucepan 2 ounces of butter, 2 ounces of salt, fat pork chopped fine, and 2 or 3 chopped shallots; cook a few minutes, and add a pint of mushrooms, a little parsley, and 3 anchovies, all chopped fine; mix the fleshy part of the egg-plants with this, season to the taste, and put the stuffing thus made back into the plants, with bread and cheese crumbs and little pieces of butter strewn on the top, and bake 20 minutes.

Superb Cake.—Use the whites of 12 eggs, the yolks only of 6, a pound of sugar, a pound of butter, a pound of flour, and a pound of meal. For seasoning, use the juice of 2 large lemons and a wine-glassful of French brandy. Cream the sugar and butter together, and then mix with the yolks, well beaten. Then add alternately a portion of the whites, whipped stiff, and the sifted flour, until it is all in. The meal, of course, goes in with the flour. Let it be baked carefully in a well-regulated oven. This can also be baked on thin plates, and piled up, when done, with jelly or preserves between each layer.

The Queen of the Second Course.—Take one dozen large sweet potatoes, have them roasted, peeled carefully, then well mashed until perfectly smooth. The most important ingredient in this dish is a pound of cold chicken, prepared as if for chicken salad. A teaspoonful of chopped celery is a very good addition, and a cupful of sweet cream is needed. The whole mass must be well worked together, and seasoned to taste with salt and pepper. A large tablespoonful of butter must not be forgotten. Form this into an oblong roll, and put it in a tin vessel to brown in a quick oven. Half a wine-glassful of Worcester sauce improves the dish very much. Of course only the least bit of salt is needed.

Sauerkraut.—The Germantown Telegraph gives the following: To 80 eligible heads of cabbage a bag of daisies, costing 7 cent and 2 ounces of juniper berries are allowed, also 7 or 8 medium-sized yellow, Strassburg, or Danvers onions finely chopped. The layers of kraut are simply interspersed with salt, salt, berries and onions. The two latter serve the purpose of gratefully flavoring the cabbage, and rendering kraut more digestible, precluding the flatulence likely to occur with dyspeptic and aged or delicate people. On fitting sauerkraut still further for the table, more onions may be incorporated to advantage; some light white wine (not sweet) imparts a pleasant aroma, or lemon juice. The yellow part of the rind of prime lemons or tart oranges carefully scraped with a thin, sharp knife, dried on warm (but not hot) stoneware or china plates, and deftly put away in a cool, dry pantry, likewise adds agreeably to the ways of serving sauerkraut, which ought to be steamed, not boiled, at least not as usually; but the vessel containing the kraut should be placed in a larger one with hot water.

Is the Center of the Earth a Molten Mass?

The London Spectator says: A remarkable address has been delivered by Sir William Thomson, in the Physical Section of the British Association, on the fluid or solid nature of the earth's kernel.

While not denying that certain portions of the earth's interior are in a molten or fluid state, Sir William Thomson maintained, on various more or less recent grounds, that no large proportion of the earth's interior can, by any possibility, be in the condition of molten fluid. "I may say, with almost perfect certainty, that whatever may be the relative densities of rock, solid and melted, at or about the temperature of liquefaction, it is, I think, quite certain that cold solid rock is denser than hot melted rock; and no possible degree of rigidity in the crust could prevent it from breaking in pieces and sinking wholly below the liquid lava. Something like this may have gone on, and probably did go on, for thousands of years after solidification commenced—surface portions of the melted material losing heat, freezing and sinking immediately, or growing to the thickness of a few meters where the surface would be cool, and the whole solid dense enough to sink. This process must go on until the sunk portions of crust build up from the bottom a sufficiently close-ribbed skeleton or frame to allow fresh incrustations to remain, bridging across the now small areas of lava pools or lakes."

This is a striking picture of the growth of the "round earth," which was once supposed to have been made from the first "so fast that it can not be moved." We are rather sorry to be robbed of the belief in the central lava ocean after all.

There are in existence but two recognized likenesses of George Washington, and all the copies or prints are made from one or the other of these. In one of these a certain deformity is noticeable about his mouth, caused by a set of false teeth which was worn by the Father of his Country, and which cost him one thousand dollars. Such a thing as teeth of porcelain was unknown in the days of the Father of his Country, and the teeth of the poor were purchased, extracted and attached to plates of bone. Such a set of teeth was in the possession of George Washington, and is now on exhibition at the Centennial.

A Remarkable Revival.

Parson Kelly, State Superintendent of schoolmarms, tells a story of an experience he recently had in Esmeralda County. He visited the mining camp of Pine Grove, and, while there, learned that a Methodist revival preacher had visited the town and converted every man, woman and child in the place, with the exception of two members of the Legislature, who obstinately held out against the persuasions of the preacher for them to embrace the opportunity of securing eternal bliss. The circumstance of a preacher's success among a lot of miners struck Mr. Kelly as something strange, and he expressed his surprise to one of the inhabitants of the camp that the denizens of a mining town had found religion to such an extent as was observable in Pine Grove; to which the man made answer: "Well, you see, it's like this: Pine Grove was lively; money plenty; every thing was lively; money plenty; two-bit ante poker games running all night every night; faro, chuck-a-luck and monte and every body prosperous; but the mines gave out, times got hard and the camp went down. Those of us that are left—all but them Legislators—folgers—are flat broke, and none of the rest of us ain't got money enough to take us out of the camp; so we've concluded to take the long chances on heaven; and if we don't win, none of us won't be a cent loser." —Eureka (Nev.) Sentinel.

A New York Lodge.

George Blake, aged 18 years, practiced an old New York game at the boot and shoe store of Philip Mueller, No. 373 Division Street, yesterday afternoon. Entering the establishment he ordered a pair of fine boots. Having obtained a good fit, he gave the proprietor his old boots to wrap up, and sauntered slowly toward the door. Before the merchant could realize his intention the youth, without paying for the feet coverings, slipped outside and ran. Two or three other young men sprang up to the front door of the store and pushed a heavy stick through the latch, so as to prevent the proprietor from making his exit. All then separated, and all succeeded in escaping, with the exception of Blake. An outsider who had witnessed the operations of the lads pursued and captured him. He was delivered into the hands of a policeman, and taken to the East Chicago Avenue Station. —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

MRS. HAMLETT'S POEMS. —Perhaps the handsomest book of the season is the new volume of poems by Mrs. Lizzie Hamlett, of Texas, published by M. M. Fennerty, Chicago. It is replete with feeling and sentiment of a high and ennobling character, and full of patriotic feeling, both toward the Union and the Sunny South. It should sell largely.

BURNETT'S COCAINE kills dandruff, allays irritation and promotes the growth of hair.

A GREAT INVENTION. —has been made by Dr. HUNT, of New York, which restores vitality to the hair. That scientific chemist has succeeded in producing a Hair Dye which induces nature to perfection. Old baldness may now be cured.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have headache, stomach troubles, nervousness and general debility, you are suffering from liver trouble. Nothing will cure you so speedily and permanently as



Ask the recovered Dyspeptic, Bilious sufferer, victim of Fever and Ague, the incurable diseased stomach, who they recovered health, cheerful spirits and good appetite—they will tell you by taking Simmons' Liver Regulator.

BAD BREATH!

Nothing is so unpleasant, nothing so common, as bad breath, and in no way can it be cured so effectually, and can be so easily corrected, if you will take Simmons' Liver Regulator, no neglect so sure remedy for this repulsive disorder. It will soon improve your Appetite, Complexion and General Health.

SICK HEADACHE!

This distressing affliction occurs most frequently. The disturbance of the stomach, arising from the imperfect digestion of food, causes severe pain in the head, accompanied by a disagreeable taste, and this constitutes what is popularly known as Sick Headache. It is caused by indigestion, and is cured by the use of Dr. J. C. Ayer's Cathartic, or Dr. J. C. Ayer's Liver Regulator. I occasionally use, when my condition requires it, Dr. J. C. Ayer's Liver Regulator with good effect. It is mild, and cures me better than more drastic remedies."

AN EFFICACIOUS REMEDY.

"I can recommend, as an efficacious remedy for all diseases of the Liver, Heartburn, Dyspepsia, Stomach Troubles, Headache, Indigestion, Biliousness, etc., Dr. J. C. Ayer's Cathartic, or Dr. J. C. Ayer's Liver Regulator. Sole proprietors Simmons' Liver Regulator, Philadelphia."

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